DOUBLE PROUBLE BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

HERBERT QUICK, AUTHOR OF "ALADDIN & CO." AND "IN THE FARYLAND OF AMERICA"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. acquaintances, or not quite so close, as

CHAPTER XI-(Continued).

ere was an implied doubt as to her

supporting the broad parties, hark back to the Parthenon, don't they? I like that taste and flavor of the clas-

ing way in which she had regarded him at the beginning of his outburst on Browning. Was it possible that, seen the one thing lacking in his charsent form her beart as she looked at is conversation disclosed that he had

rtist and poet in you, to show them

"Oh, no." said he, "not at all-why, inyone anows these little things. Now let's go through the arrangement of the chambers: shall we?"

"Not tonight, if you please. Let us grand house, dear. Sometimes I think, too grand for Bellevale; and quite often I feel, too grand, too elegant-

"Who then," answered Florian, who saw his conversational duty, a dead-sure taing, and went for it there and hetically at him, as if she missed

To deny that you feel so felt so when it when you gave orders for the building, would be feelish," said sim-at last. "And it was very dear of and so conningly wrought that

"He saw it." said Florian, "when-

He felt that he was callying nobly. "Really," he thought, "I am perlag pulse ardent. And under different cir-

Page Six.

case may be, with their lives diluted by their many possessions.

"Yes?" said he expectantly.
"Before it comes to that," she burst forth, her eyes wide and her hands clasped in her lap, "I want to d and cuddle down by it on a heap of love; and if I knew he loved me, he might beat me, and I would bear it, and be happy in his strength-far happier than in those chambers you spoke of a moment ago, with an acquaintance husband! I would rather walk the streets than that!"

Now, a lovers' quarrel requires lov-ers on both sides. Had Amidon really been one, this crisis would have passed naturally on to protestation, counterprotestation, tears, kisses, embraces, reconciliation. But all these things take place through the interplay of instincts, none of which was awakened In Florian. So he sat forlorn,, and

"I am going to let you go home, said she, rising. "I gave out the date of the wedding, as you remested, the day after you went away. you to wait a while-until the house is finished—or even longer. As it is, you mustn't be surprised if I say something surprising to you soon." began Amidon.

Good night, my-He had schooled himself for this farewell, and remembering what Madame le Claire had told him, had decided on a course of action. The two had walked out into the hall and he had put on his top-coat. Now he went bravely up to her and stooped to

She raised her face to his, and again the feeling that this man was only a mere acquaintance passed into her being, as she looked into his eyes. She turned her lips away. But Florian, ed her, lost it himself in the contemupturned lips with their momentary invitation so soon withdrawn. The tightened about the lissome waist; the divine form in the creamy silk, on which he had only now almost feared to look, he drew to him so tightly as almost to crush her; and with one palm he raised the averted face to his, and of yivid red. Once, twice, three times and then she put her hands against his shoulders and pushed him away.

'Eugene!" she exclaimed, "how-"Good night!" he answered, "my

durling, good night! And he ran down the street, in such a conflict of emotions that he hardly

CHAPTER XII.

On the Firm Ground of Business. Oh, merry it was in the good greenwood

when the goblin and sprite ranged free. When the kelple haunted the shadowed flood, and the dryad dwell in the tree; But merrier far is the trolley car as it routs the witch from the wold,
And the din of the hammer and the cartridge's clamor as they banish the swart

Oh, a sovran cure for psychic dizziness

Is a breath of the air of the world of busi-ness: —Idyls of a Sky-Scraper. It is recorded in the last chapter that

Mr. Amidon ran from Miss Waldron's presence in such a state of agitation that he hardly knew whither he went. To the reader who wonders why he was agitated. I have only to hint that he was wretchedly inexperienced. And as it was, he soon got his bearings and however, in a state of mind entirely Gradually he lessened his gait, ab-

sorbed in mental reconstructions of his parting with Elizabeth. The pet Hon which, while affectionately licking the blood, and at the taste reverts in stantly to its normal savagery, is ac on by impulses much like those of Amidom. His thoughts were successions of moving pictures of the splendid girl whom he had held in his arms and as he entered. His mind's eve dwelt and the lovely head and wondrous eyes. He felt her lean against him as they stood by the table, and his arms fairly ached with the thrill of that parting embrace. His lips throbbed still with the half-ravished kisses, and he stopped with an insane impulse to return and repeat the tender robbery, Then, wondering at the turbulence of

During this pause he was dimly conseen approaching had neared the point of meeting, and after a moment's halt, had passed on. As he resumed his walk he heard rapid steps behind him, resembled the passenger whom he had a few rods in advance of Florian, and almost immediately re-emerged; having turned, apparently, for the purpose of encountering Amidon once more. This time he walked up and halted, facing Amidon

ing, I suppose, Mr. Brassfield?" sald

"At the office?" said Amidon. "My "Well," this new acquaintar cooded, in tones which indicated a probetter come prepared to fill my place

in the establishment as soon as pos-

This statement was followed by use of the sort usually adopted for the purpose of noting the effect of feeling in his pocket for Elizabeth's the Brassfield Oil Company had little interest for him. Yet he dimly real-

"what what do you do?

The man gave a sort of hop, of the kind we have been taught to expect of "Do" he snorted, "What do I do? I'll tell what I do! I get together options for you and send you eigher telegrams about 'em, and don't get any "people may live a little closer than answers, I attend stockholders' meet-

with proxies! I stay here and try to protect your interests when you desert 'em, and you send some whiteheaded old reprobate of a Pinkerton man to shadow me for a week and try to pry into my work! And when you get home you never show up at the counting room, though you know what a pickle things are in; and when I meet you on the street, I get cut dead; that's what I do! - And I stand it, do - only-1? Ha, ha, ha! Not if J. B. Stevens knows himself, I don't! Good night, Mr Brassfield. Come round in morning, and I'll show you what I

After the speaker had rushed away. which he incontinently did fellowing this outburst. Amidon's mind reverted to Elizabeth; and not until he had reached his room did his thoughts return to his encounter in the street; and then it was only to wonder if this man Stevens, was really of any importance, and if a breach with him was a matter of any consequence,

however, and he got out of bed to turn on the lights and read the above-mentioned letter. And as he read it. grew ashamed. That embrace, those kisses, now seemed an outrage to him. Was this his return for the sweet confidences, the revelations of hidden things, with which she had honored him? "You must forget this," she had written, "only at such times of tenderness as you will sometimes have when you are gone," and: "When you see me again * * * without a word or look from me, know me, even more than you now do, yours." And after this, he had permitted her al-lurement to fly to his brain, and had she had lowered her guard, he had struck her a dastard's blow. His eyes grew soft with pity, and they moist-ened, as he repeated to himself, "Poor

little girl! poor little girl!"
Oh, yes! doubtless it was silly of him; but please to remember that he was quite as far from being blase as -as we used to be; and that he was just now becoming ready in love with Elizabeth, And love is nuch nearer

in the notes, you know."
"And very convenient, too," said
Amidon. "And who is the stenographer?"

"Miss Strong," answered the judge. "Strong. Strong," said Amidon mus-gly, "The author, I believe, by the

"I never said she was!" protested the judge. "Not positively, but

"We'l, let's go down-or perhaps I had better go alone," said Florian. "Please come down in an hour or so,

The indge, noted for the first time, the decision of returning confidence in Amidon's manner. Two things con-tributed to this; the first was the sense of something tangible and intell /ble in this going down to business in the and the other was rising anger at the attack , made on him by this man Stevens in the street last night. What business, thought he, when an employed dares use such language toward his employer? A good towering passion is times. He walked into the countingroom, saw his name and the word followed by a young woman with a "lewels" and more ornate collars than note-book and pencii. Presentiy, in the rest took higher-backed and more came Mr. Stevens without knocking.
"Here's another pretty how-to-do!"

papers are back with a notice that the deal is off except at a lower price.

How'm I to make anything of this business, I'd like to know, if you—"

present are known and tested members of our Dread and Mystic Conclave."

"All, Most Sovereign Pontiff," responded the Descon Militant, who had been so long it a state of fear and had been so long it a state of fear and "Let them be tested," commanded sitting in an anteroom, foolish and under control, reads the luxury of asthe Soverelen Pontint, "and, if bretaapprehensive, and looking withal much

"Mr. Stevens," said he sternly, "have

CHAPTER XIII.

The Martyrdom of Mr. Stevens.

detro. Th' offense, it seemeth me one that by mercy's entreach stretch gut be o'erpassed. At he o'erpassed, skinot Never, P'etro, never; Brotherhood's honour untouchable outh'd thereby. We build our labyrinth skired words and potent spells, and all deep-involved horrows of our eraftenties hedged about with dreauful outhing the content of the content

Order of Christian Martyrs held its meeting in the upper story of a tall building. Mr. Alvord called for Ami-

boldness in the world of business rewent into an antercom and were given broad collars from which were sushe felt a good deal ike a sny. They walked into the lodgeroom where twena great steadier of the nerves, some- "lewels" sat smoking and chatting, times. He walked hato the country- All served to know him, but (much to his relief) before he could be included in the conversation, the gaver door, went boldly beyond it, and was stell; certain ones with more elaborate sides of the room, another stood at the door; and still another, in complete he exclaimed, without any greeting ex-cept an angry sport. "You promised ... uniform, with sword and belt, began

to sign that contract for the output of the Bunn's Ferry wells while you "The Deacon Milliant," said the were in New York, and didn't! The wielder of the gavel, "will report if all

proved to be the man in the uniform, "save certain strangers who appear

suming the attitude of communal an it—ren, welcomed, if spies, executed."—as he had done in the counting-room, resistible temptation.—The was now asked by the leader of

tings and get whipsawed by minorities trouble with him! I won't be builled get one of your tantrums on. The Slater. "I don't see how any one but because you are dead to the world off there in New York, or the Lord knows where, and don't furnish me "Aldersen," said the judge. "It's all intense, you know. I look forward to our rendition of it with a good deal of pleasurable anticipation

You don't expect me to do it, do you?" asked Amidon.

"Why, who else?" was the counterquestion. "We can't be expected to play on the bench the best man in Pennsylvania in that part, can we?" "Come, Brassfield," said the Sovereign Pontiff, "get on your regalia for

"Oh, say, now." said Amidon, trying to be off-hand about it, "you must get somebody else."

"What's that! Some one else? Very likely we shall! Very likely!" thus the Sovereign Pontiff with scorn. "Come, the regelia, and no nonsense."

"I-I may be called out at any moment," urged Amidon, amidst an outcry that seemed to indicate a breach with the Martyrs then and there "There are reasons why—"
Edgington took him aside, "Is there

any truth in this story," said he, "that you have had some trouble with Stevens, and discharged him?" "Oh, that Stevens!" gasped Amidon,

as if the whole discussion had hinged on picking out the right one among an army of Stevenses. "Yes, it's true. and I can't help confer this-Edgington whispered to the Sovereign

made that in the Catacombs scene Brother Brassfield would be excused and Brother Bulliwinkle substituted.
"I know I never, in any plane of consciousness, saw any of this, or knew any of these things," thought

Florian, "It is incredible!"

Conviction, however, was forced on him by the fact that he was now made to don a black domino and mask, and to march, carrying a tin-headed to examine the candidate, who turned ald or avenue of escape. Seeing none, the file, in a sepulchral tone, several

whether he believed in a supreme be-

ing. Stevens gulped, and said "Yes.

He was then asked if he was prepared

might be subjected, and warned that

unless he possessed nerves of steel,

measure there was yet time. Stevens,

in a faint voice, indicated that he was

ready for the worst, and desired to go on. Then all (except Amidon) in awe-

obedient, and all may yet be well!"

and they passed back into the lodge

impressed, and wondered whether Stev-

ens would be able to endure the ter-

Clad in a white robe "typifying in-

music ; layed upon a plane, Stevens

was escorted several times around the

darkened room, stopping from time to

time at the station of some officer, to

receive highly improving lectures.

Every time he was asked if he were

willing to do anything, or believed anything, he said "Yes." Finally,

with the Scroll of the Lrw in one

hand, and with the other resting on

the Bones of Martyrs surrounded by

repeated an obligation which bound

him not to do a great many things,

when Alvord nudged him at one pas-

as an irreverence. Then he noted that

it was a pledge to maintain the sane-

tity of the family circle of brother Martyrs, and Alvord's reference of

the night before to the obligation as

affecting his association with the "strawberry blonde" took on new and

Stevens seemed to be vibrating be

To Amidon it seemed really awful

the brethren whose drawn swords and

leveled spears threatened death

rible trials hinted at.

Amiden was new theroughly

and marching to minor

expectancy when informed that the next degree would test his obed He highly resolved to obey to the let-

The next act disclosed Stevens noodwinked, and the room light. He was informed that he was in the Catacombs, familiar to the early Christians, and must make his way alone and in darkness, following the Clue of Falti which was placed in his hands. This Clue was a white cord similar to the sort used by masons (in the building-trades). He groped his way along by it to the station of the next officer, who warned him of the deadly conse quences of disobedience. Thence he made his way onward, holding to the Clue of Faith-until he touched a trigger of some sort, which let down mon light and noisy articles, which fright and was dexterously tripped by th Deacon Militant and a spearman, and caught in a net neld by two others.
there ran about the room,

"Obey," thundered the vice pontiff "and all will be well!"

Stevens resumed the Clue. At the station of the next officer to whom it brought him, the nature of faith wa explained to nim, and he was given th password "Ichthus," whispered so the all in that part of the room, could be. the interdicted syilables. But he w adjured never, never to uiter it, unles to the Guardian of the Portal on entering the lodge, to the Deacon Mil tant on the opening thereof, or to member, when he, Stevens, should ! come sovereign pontiff. Then he was faced toward the vice pontiff, and to to answer loughly and distinctly the questions asked him

"What is the lesson inculcated is this Degree?" asked the Vice-Pontia from the other end of the room, "Obedience!" shouted Stevens in re-

ply. What is the password of this De

'lchthus!" responded Stevens, A roll of stage thunder sounded afeningly over his head. The pian was swept by a storm of bass passion and deep cries of "Treason." Treason. echoed from every side. Poor Steven tottered, and fell into a chair place by the Deacon Militant, He saw th enormity of the deed of shame he ha

committed. He had told the password said the Sovereign Pontiff, in the deep est of chest tones- 'a treason unknew in all the centuries of the past! What is the will of the conclave?

"I would imprecate on the traitor head, said a voice from one of the high-backed chairs, "the ancient door of the Law!"

"Doom, doom!" said all in unison holding the "oo" in a most

"One fate, and one alone," pronounced the Sovereign Pontiff, "can be yours. Brethren, let him forthwith be encased in the Chest of the Clanking hains, and hurled from the Tarnela Rock, to be dashed in fragments a

Amiden's horror was modified by the evidences of repressed pice with which felt a good deal of concern as the brought out a great chest, threw the struggling Stevens into it, slammed down the ponderous lid and locked it. Stevens kicked at the lid, but said nothing. The members leaped with jov. A great chain was brought and wrapped clankingly about the chest.

"Let me out." now yelled the Christian Marivr. "Let me out, damn you! "Doom, do-o-o-oom" roared the voices, and said the Sovereign Pontifi in impressive tones, 'Proceed with the

Now the chest was slung up to a hook in the ceiling, and gradually drawn back by a pulley until it was far above the heads of the men, the chains meanwhile clanking continually against the receptacle, from whi came forth a stream of smothered pro-

Thurl lum down to the trafforts The chest was loosed, and swung like down almost to the ficor and up nearly to the ceiling. The profanity now turn ed into a yell of terror. The Martyrs slapped one another's backs and grew blue in the face with laughter. At a signal, a light box was placed where the chest would crush it (which it did with a sound like a small railway col-

lid raised. "Let the body receive Christian burial," said the Sovereign Pontiff. "Our Vengeance ceases with death."

This truly Christian sentiment was received with universal approval. Death seemed to all a good place at which to ston.

'Brathren." said the Deacon Militani as he struggled with the resurgent Stevens, "there seems some life here! Methiaks heart beats, and--

The remainder of the passage for the ritual was lost to Amidon by reason of the fact that Stevens had placed one foot against the Deacon's stomach and hurled that august officer violently to

"Let every test of life be applied," said the Sovereign Pontiff, "Perchance some higher will than ours decrees his preservation. Take the body hence for time if possible, restore him to life, and we will consider his fate."

The recess which followed was clearly necessary to afford an opportunity for the calming of the risibilities of the Martyrs. The stage, too, had to be reset. Amidon's ethnological studies had ot equaled his reading in belles-lettres, and he was unable to see the deep significance of these rites from an historical standpoint, and that here was a survival of those orgies to which our painted and skin-clad ancestors de oted themselves in spasms of religious the mammoth. The uninstructed Amidon regarded them as inconceivable horse-play. While thus he mused. Stevens, who was still hoodwinked and be-

entered on his ordeal. He was now informed by the office at the other end of the room, that ev ery man must ascend into the Moun tains of Temptation and he tested be companionship with Martyrs. Therefore, a weary climb heavenward was before him, and a great trial of his

ing greatly belectured on the virtue of Faith and the duty of Obedience, re

fidelity. On his patience, daring and

(Continued on Ninth Page.)



wondered when the wedding was to be Brassfield. And he thought regretfully of Madame le Claire His reflections

thus touched on the two most unhappy women in Bellevale, To the hypnotist he had become so uch more than a "ease." merely, that a revulsion of feeling was setting n against bringing him here to be turned over to a woman for whom he cared nothing. It was a shame, she

one had a right to expect of any girl. the dying fire, her heart full of a fighting which would not let her sleep, She felt humbled and insulted, and her all the time she felt angry with herself for her inconsistency. She had longed for Eugene's letters, and when they came, so few and cold, she was grieved. She had expected a dozen little caresses, even before he left her carriage; and she was saddened because she missed them. She had thought of his coming in on her in a manner quite different from that in which he had actually crept into her presence-and when he had only pressed her hands, she had felt defrauded nd robbed. And when at parting he had done (somewhat forcibly, it is lowed, and what she had all the time wanted of him, she felt outraged and

These thoughts kept her long by the fire, and accompanied her to her chamber. "Elizabeth Waldron," said she to her mirror, "you are going in sine' Aren't you ashamed that now, when he has shown his love and understanding of the things you love and try to understand, and surprised you by the possession of the very qualities you have felt secretly regretful on as count of his not having-that you feel that way? What ails you, that you begin to feel toward the dearest man all the world as if he were a stranger?-Ah, but you do. you do! And you'll never be happy with him, nor even make him happy!-And, oh, that letter, that letter! That awfun

you had never written that!" What's my manager's name-Stevens?" asked Mr. Amidon of Judge Blod-

n that door! Though he had no need, Mr. Steve zed in astonishment at the word

Kindly ask Mr. Alderson to step here a moment," went on Mr. Amidon Stevens stood mute, but Alderson

verheard and came. You may draw Mr. Stevens a salary check to date, and a mouth in advance, in lieu of notice," said Mr. "Mr. Stevens, you are no longer in the employ of this concern. Alderson, you may take charge ound. I should now regard it as a favor if I might have my private office

Alderson took the paralyzed Stevens by the shoulders and walked him out into the main office. Amidon's spirits rose, as he waited for the check to come in for his signature. He stabbed his letters with the paper-knife, and relt in a blissful state of general in-surrection. The subjection of the past fortnight seemed to fall from him. After he had signed the check, he turned to Miss Strong.
"If you please," said he, in a voice

of tense stridency, "I will give you a few letters."

The stenographer, who seemed to regard the events of the past few minutes as nothing short of a cata-clysm, flutteringly leafed over her book, and just as Amidon began wendering what he could think of to put into a letter, she burst into tears. Amidon tesed his desk with a bang, and giv , walked out into the streets. full of the joy of gratified destructive He met Alvord, and temerariously agreed to go with him to the lodge that evening. He finally found Blodgett, and informed him of what had been the result of his first morn

'Well, it's your business. Florisaid he, "but you'll need somebody who knows something about your affairs And if you go on attending lodge meetings where you don't know the pasawords, and nosing into houses where ing all the trusted men in your employ, you'll soon have more things to and an elderly lawyer can take care of! But it's your affair; I've known you gett. "Yes? Well, I'm going to have too long to try to turn you when you

hers as was the habit of St. Paul asswords from the two or three ounced that all present had been

Order!" was the next command typlfied a great many things connected the bones of martyrs. The scroll was the Book of the Law. Amidon was becoming impressed: the solemn and ornate ritual and the dreadful symbols sent shivers down his inexperienced and unfraternal spine. Breaking with uninitiated eyes, as he had done,

was so badly sung as to mitigate the awe; and an "order of business' sol-Good of the Order" the visiting brethren spoke as if it were a class one of them very volubly reminding the order, and the mighty work it had already accomplished in ameliorating world. Amidon felt that he must have been very blind in failing to note this work until it was thus roreed on his notice; but he made a mental apology,

'By the way, Brassfield," said Mr Slater during a recess preceding the give Stevens the best you've got in the Catacombs scene. Will you make it just straight ritual, or throw in some of those specialties of yours?" "Stevens! Catacombs!" gasped Ami-

don, "specialties! I--" when I was put through," went on Mr.

tween fright and a tendency to laugh, as the voice of some well-known fellow-citizen rumbled out from behind a deadly weapon. He was marched the first act was ended, The really esoteric part of it, Amid-

fearful meaning.

on felt, was to come, as he could see no reason for making a secret of these very solemn and edifying matsame way about it, and was full of

September 9, 1906

THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE